

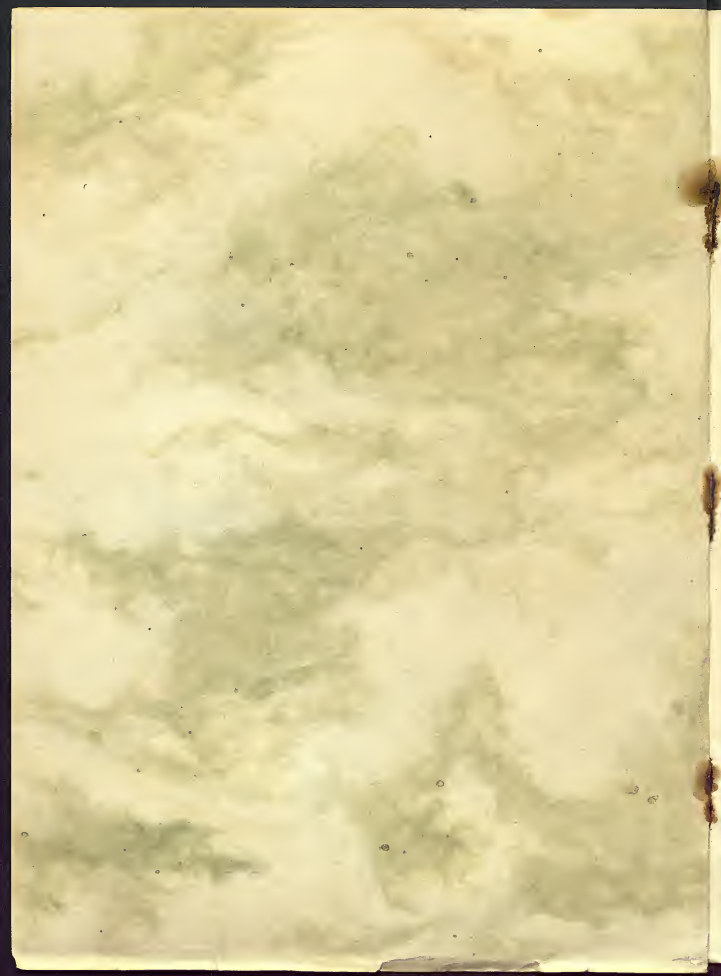
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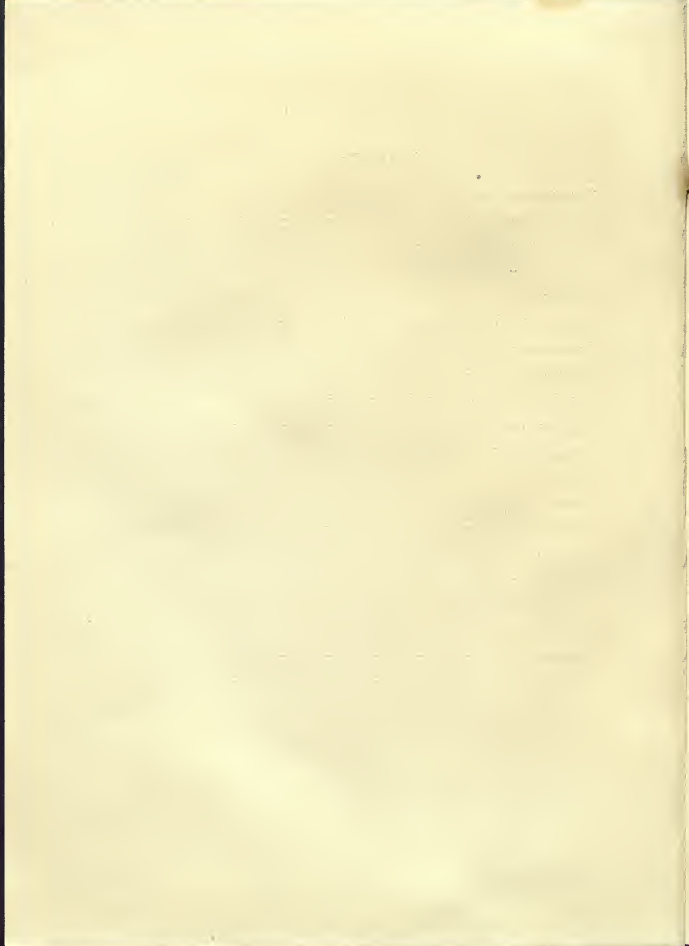


University College, Southampton



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THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND COMMUNISM.



Are none of us likely to forget the bombshell that was the economic collapse of September, 1931, in the universal cutting down of public services that followed. Among its more immediate effects were the reduction of teachers' salaries and the restriction of the State educational service.

A few years ago, about the time when some of us first came to College, the educational system was expanding rapidly. In anticipation of the Socialist Education Bill many young people entered College who would otherwise not have done so: of these 100 came to Southampton on certificate courses. The degree courses, too, promised to be full as they had never been full before. But soon the Education Bill and its maintenance grants began to be less spoken of; at last they were dropped altogether under "pressure of affairs." Meanwhile the "hungry hundreds" had left Southampton and the other colleges, some with posts, but a number without them. Some of these people have never had posts at any time since. The Parliamentary Secretary for Education, on behalf of his noble chief, has admitted in reply to questions asked in the House recently that some certificated students of 1931 have no posts as yet, and also that some trained graduates who left college in 1931 have never had posts—not even in the lowest grade elementary schools.

We know how easy it is to bear a grudge against our teachers, who had such power over us at school. When we grow up we still distrust them, and only too willingly condemn the imperious air that some of them bring from schools with them. And so few murmured—except the teachers—when, among other economies, a cut of 10 per cent. was made in their salaries, tho' with the promise of its speedy restoration. The way in which these cuts were greeted showed how far below civil servants and policemen came teachers in public esteem. Everyone suddenly discovered that for years teachers had been paid more than they were worth; even now, with the cuts in force they would still enjoy very good salaries, far above what they were paid before the war. That the teachers had made a prior contract with the Government through the Burnham Commission, which they, at least, would under no circumstances have been allowed to break, did not inconvenience a Government frantically eager to economise, for teachers in schools, almost wholly dependant on national funds, were easy game.

Circular 1421, the May Report and the Ray Report gave the worst setback to education since compulsory education came into force. While the Circular gave the word for a general increase in secondary school fees, the Ray Commission had stupidity and audacity enough to suggest that it might be advisable for elementary school children to pay fees. So easy is it to write off all the improvements of forty years, so soon can a stampede banish all thought of the progress we have made! (The parents of some of us must still remember with a smile the days when they went to school on Monday mornings with their pennies in their hands.) In their effort for economy, the Board seemed to have put aside all sense of shame. The main result of their policy is that within the next three years the teaching staff of this country is to be reduced by 9,000. This is being done by refusing to absorb roughly one-third of those leaving college in 1932-5 after taking Certificate. In a profession where the young are already paid too little and the old too much, this will only aggravate the old cry that the young may have the brains, but the old always have the money. Cloaked on other language, this is the cry of the Communist. The Board of Education have decided to shut out many young teachers from the schools. They could hardly have chosen a worse course. Enmities once roused are hard to put aside. The Board could have carried

out either of the two following plans or combined them : to advance the compulsory retiring age, or to give full pensions to those retiring voluntarily before reaching the old age limit. Those who retired only at the compulsory age would get only the cut pension (which is all they will get now in any case). With the money saved by encouraging retirement, with this preferential pension, at an age earlier than the compulsory one, the outflow from colleges could have been absorbed. For of about 150,000 elementary school teachers there must be roughly one-tenth who are aged about sixty : even a figure of one-twentieth would make 7,500 teachers of this age or older. The maximum pension is one-half of the maximum salary, but since a teacher in his first years is paid distinctly less than half of the maximum salary, all the normal college output of teachers could be absorbed with no financial loss, since the number to be cut in three years is 8,000. This plan would work out at least as advantageous to the State as the Board's actual policy.

But we digress over a lost opportunity. The events of the last two years have in fact aggravated the conditions among the teachers. Even the Board realised that their policy would prove unpopular and Lord Irwin, fresh from his failures in India, took measures accordingly. It was rumoured in College last year that 20 per cent. at least of the certificate candidates would fail, whatever the general standard. This year since only two-thirds of those leaving college can obtain posts, presumably a similar procedure will be followed.

The May Report, however, had recommended the reduction of teachers in secondary schools by 1,000, by similar methods to the above. One thousand certificated graduates out of employment would have a legitimate grievance against the Board through whose agency they were trained for teaching ; but the same number of uncertificated graduates would not. In a memorandum issued to graduate students, we find this :—" The Board's Inspectors instructed the Professor of Education that graduates who failed in the Teachers' Diploma Examination are not to be recommended for certification by the Board of Education " (as in the past). By this device, graduates who fail Diploma—possibly through one poor paper—are automatically put out of the running for certification. And again, " The Board's Inspectors pointed out that the Board of Education standard rises sharply year by year," so much so that the Board that helped to entice students into teaching is doing its best to prevent many of them from ever being qualified to teach, or from justly complaining that there are no posts for them. It is only since the crisis that the Board's standard has had these colours pinned to it.

One would think that the Board, having so clearly pointed out the prospects to the unfortunate student, would be content to sit back and watch events. We underestimate their intelligence. After a budget in which educational estimates were still further cut, while the Army and Navy expenditure was increased (presumably in anticipation of the result of the Disarmament Conferences), someone at Whitehall was struck by an original thought. The Reports had suggested that elementary school classes should be increased to an average of about thirty-seven. This was made palatable by saying that the number of school children would soon decrease. In 1936 the number of children at school will be 350,000 less than in the previous few years, because the children born in the years immediately after the war, when the birth-rate was abnormally high, will all have left school. It is now suggested that here is an opportunity further to reduce the number of teachers by making classes bigger and occasionally putting one teacher to supervise two classes. A contemporary asks, ironically, " Why stop at this? Why not put one teacher in charge of a hundred children, two hundred, the whole school? " Why not, indeed ! The opportunism of the authorities is plain when we consider that the increase in size of classes was

excused by saying that with a smaller school population classes would naturally grow smaller, and that this decrease in numbers is then proposed as an excuse for a further decrease in the number of teachers.

In view of this progressive worsening of the conditions for teaching, we cannot be surprised when we find the President of the N.A.S. speaking at Southampton of the danger of Communist and other subversive teaching in schools. "A little twist is consciously or unconsciously introduced in the teaching of history, geography, English and even arithmetic." It is not to be wondered at that, as a result of the events of the last two years, there is a body of discontented men in the teaching profession who are "consciously or unconsciously" teaching the children under them that the present economic order is doomed, and to its doctrines oppose other bodies of doctrines, of which by far the most coherent is Communism. The Act recently passed against blasphemous and subversive teaching is likely to be of little use against these men, except to make martyrs of them.

If conditions are such among teachers with posts, how much more extreme will they not be among those who have none? As teachers, they are sterilised by the present conditions; but as centres of discontent they may be dangerous. They are among the best educated members of the community. Knowledge and intelligence are their stock-in-trade, and yet they have spent their own or their parents' money on gaining qualifications which now are only so much paper to them. Even sanguine minds become embittered under these conditions. Small wonder, then, that those who see no future for themselves in our present society sincerely hope and believe that they can make a better, one which can only come about by radical changes and, in the last resort, by revolution. If hopes were all, this society were already destroyed.

These teachers will use against the present society those very means with which it has provided them in pursuance of its own ends. Science and reason will become the instruments, whose sharp blows will break down the very structure whose last stages they have helped to build. They will upset the up-ended pyramid of modern civilisation. So the erstwhile dependant brooding in the servants' hall will turn out the master, and we may see Marx's "expropriation of the expropriators," capitalism developing within itself the instruments of its own destruction.

Within three years some 9,000 intelligent people who might have been teachers will become unemployed. Those already disaffected would be confirmed in their hatreds; those not already disaffected may speedily become so. At present the whole Communist Party in Great Britain numbers only about 5,000. Consider the possible effects of such an accession of strength as this! Yet we seem ignorant of the danger.

Unemployed intelligentsia are most dangerous enemies to the established order, for their mental powers can make their influence far-reaching. Rousseau would be amazed at the results to which his teaching contributed; to-day we see the influence of the "gospel according to Marx." Marx and Lenin have wielded more real power from the British Museum than the Tsar from his Winter Palace. Remember that the revolution in Russia was due to a small section of intelligentsia (of whom Lenin was one) more than to any other section among Russians. The situation arising now in England has been anticipated, though on a larger scale, in Germany, where not long ago there were stated to be 90,000 unemployed university men—men with qualifications but without posts. Most of them support extremist opinion, either Fascist or Communist. A large number of them have from the first been among Hitler's supporters. They had little to lose and all to gain in joining a rising party, and gambling for power; it is largely by them that disorder among the students has been fomented. Many of the recent Nazi students' raids have been fostered and directed by just this element from among Hitler's party.

Whether quite such a state of affairs could ever come about in England is open to question ; but teachers, for one, are not likely to keep silent over their grievances, nor, *a fortiori*, are those who have no post to lose by their boldness. We have all heard the over-worked argument of the Englishman's phlegmatic spirit. But most men are also grumblers, and would stake all on a throw, the most so if they have little to lose and much to gain. This danger may be thought exaggerated, but not to think of it at all, to expect the heaven of teachers, now to be added to the numbers of the unemployed, quietly to bury their grievances in their hearts, is simple folly. Too much provision against them is better than too little. But better than any provision against them is provision for them. Make a place for them again, and the danger may be averted. Ignore them, and they may soon make it that they cannot be ignored.

Perhaps I speak to deaf ears. Go on, then, as you do now, and one day you may remember this quixotic warning from the opposite trench.



THE REJECTED LOVER.



HAVE no need of pictures to keep my love in mind,
Of trinket and ringlet, keepsake and glove
Faster far than these can will one smile bind,
And one word whispered than the bric-a-brac of love.

How can I live careless, and not think of what befalls her,
That have looked and loved, and listened to her sweet-said word ?
What way wander, when everywhere recalls her,
At the least sight seen, at the least sound heard ?

Would it were only pictures had power to remind me,
Trinkets and trifles and soft-heard song !
They are the least that bind me, I have put them behind me,
But my heart will follow her all life long.

DUM SPIRO.



EACE reigned upon the earth. The last rays of the setting sun, faintly reflected in the windows which gazed down upon the quadrangle of a well-known Oxford College, marked the passing of another day. It was a beautiful evening, one of the few remaining days of the Long Vacation, and as yet the tranquillity of the scene was uninterrupted by the empty and frivolous conversation of young men. Only the solitary cry of a bird, or the distant sound of a motor-horn broke in upon a silence which was oppressive and full of a strange feeling of solemnity. It was the seasonal time of sadness; the passing of the glories of summer. Melancholy looking stood the trees beyond the archway. Black, gaunt figures, slowly losing their beautiful garments as the brown and withered leaves dropped one by one from the branches, they towered like symbols of death into the approaching gloom. A sensitive person would have been awed.

In one of the rooms overlooking the quadrangle a young man closed the book he had been reading and gazed wistfully out of the window. He was good-looking, with clear-cut manly features and a pair of shoulders which denoted an athlete. Loose-fitting, untidy clothes, and a shock of unruly hair completed the picture. John Seager—for that was his name—looked what he was, a young Don who had not yet lost the habits of an undergraduate. To the outside world he presented a picture of perfect happiness. Still on the threshold of life, with a brilliant future before him, and the memories of past successes to look back upon, one would have thought that he had no cares in the world. The path lay open at his feet; he had only to step upon it and go his way.

Far different were the thoughts that chased one another through his brain that night. The sadness of the dying year seemed to have damped his spirits, and his naturally meditative mind was filled with morbid and cynical reflections. A feeling of profound pessimism had entered into his very soul, so that he began to question, almost despairingly, the whole unfathomable problem of life and death. Like Faust, he had not found true happiness in his search after knowledge, but to-night, for the first time, he really pondered the question in his mind. What had life in store for him? he asked himself. Was existence worth while, and how would it all end? Would he go on for ever as he was doing now—getting up in the morning, having breakfast, giving lectures, reading in dusty tomes, searching for knowledge about things which nobody cared for, and which was of no practical use in the world, and doing nothing but this for the rest of his days? Was it for this alone that he had been given life, to spend his whole earthly existence buried among books, dabbling with obscure, unreal learning in a vain and illusory search after the ultimate Truth?

At first it had all seemed so grand. To be a great scholar, to perpetuate his name in the history of learning—what an ambition for the young student! But now at the age of twenty-five, now that the testing time was over, now that he had safely weathered the storms of his long and strenuous apprenticeship, what was there left for him to live for? As a boy at school, as a young undergraduate, he had had something to strive for, something to attain. But now he could only see the years of drudgery before him. He was to be occupied, like so many millions, in a task which would always be the same, would never be anything but monotonously ordinary and uninspired. Just a cog in the wheel of life. It was a dreadful thought. Yet what else was there to which he could turn his hand? A life of pleasure did not attract him; he wanted more than mere sensuous enjoyment; he wanted to do something really worth while in life. Again he felt the difficulty. He was not of the stuff that great personalities are made; he was merely a perfectly ordinary uninteresting

human being ; he could never attain to anything higher. He then thought of the conventional life, the life of a married man, comfortable, happy, satisfying. He shivered at the thought. What a mockery of happiness, a blatant sham ! Women no longer attracted him. He remembered his early love, and the pain, the disillusionment of it all. Better the monotony of bachelorhood than the slavery of marriage . . .

By now it was nearly dark. Another day in the vast eternity of time had passed into nothingness. For him it seemed like one more fraction deducted from his sojourn on earth, and brought the hour of departure just a little nearer. He sighed as he thought of it.

At that moment the brisk striking of the little clock upon the mantelpiece aroused him from his reverie. He glanced up. Nine o'clock ! It was time that he took his evening stroll. Quickly he pulled his shoes from under the table and put them on, snatched up his pipe, seized his battered, well-worn hat, and stepped out into the evening air. By now it was quite chilly, so he turned up his collar and quickened his pace.

His way took him alongside the river bank, a walk so calm, peaceful and serene, and to-night, as it seemed to him, melancholy as well. He could not drive morbid thoughts from his mind, and now Nature was combining her influence with the influence of his study. As he turned a bend in the river he pulled out his pipe. Perhaps a smoke would calm his nerves. But the Fates had willed otherwise ; he had left matches behind him. Everything seemed antagonistic to him to-night. He cursed his forgetfulness, cursed the Fortune that was alien to him . . . As he was on the point of turning back he noticed a man sitting huddled up on a seat by the river. He did not look a prepossessing sort of person, but he might have a match.

He approached the stranger. He was a middle-aged man, shabbily dressed, with a care-worn face, sad, tired eyes, and a head of grey hair. He looked up languidly as the young man stepped towards him. He did not seem interested in himself or his surroundings. John made his request.

How it was he could never quite remember afterwards, but somehow the two got into conversation. Perhaps it was the effect of his own gloomy thoughts and the appearance of the stranger that did it—the mutual attraction of two unhappy souls. Perhaps Fate had ordained it so. But whatever it was, before they had been in each other's company for five minutes the stranger, speaking in the low voice of one who was accustomed to obey rather than to command, was giving him the whole story of his life.

" . . . My wife, my two children and I were perfectly happy until the blow came. We were not rich and we did not want riches. I had my work ; she had the home and the children. What more could a man ask for in this world ? We had never looked forward into the future, for we had no need. Ours had been the joy of the present, the blind happiness of indifference. Oh that I could have seen ahead of me, could have seen what a fool I was to have been ! " The man stopped for a moment and sighed, and then went on again in a voice filled with emotion. " Young man, keep clear of business men, they have ruined me, they have ruined others. Their gain is at the expense of the credulous and inexperienced. Some pseudo-friends of mine in the City persuaded me to take shares in a Company they were floating, and like a fool I listened to them and staked my whole. Oh why did not reason restrain me, why had I been so suddenly allured by the vision of wealth ? You can guess the rest. The thing was a fraud. I lost my money and was soon in debt. In a moment of despair I stole some money from the bank and was discovered. I suffered a year's imprisonment, a year's mental torture to me, and here I am now, unemployed, an ex-convict, a stigmatised man, an outcast. Who will have me ? Who wants a man branded with the name of thief ? Yet I have not lost hope. Weary, disappointed,

sometimes almost on the verge of despair, I have tramped across half of England seeking employment, only to be turned away each time. But one thing spurs me on to further hopes—the inward conviction that I am not a criminal by nature, and the thought of my wife and children who rely on my support. For them alone do I want to live; it is my duty to preserve them."

The man had ceased speaking, and for a moment there was silence. John could not answer him, his mind was too full of what he had heard. God! What a cad he had been to bewail his own lot in life when there were people like this in the world, men who had lost all, had been suddenly brought from comfort to ruin, and who yet had hope, who still thought there was something to live for. This man was a new inspiration for him, a source of hope. He would see what he could do to better his lot.

So thinking, he turned to the man, and embarrassingly told him his address and asked him to call in the morning. Then uttering an almost inarticulate "Good-night," he hastened away to escape the proffered thanks. His mind was still in a whirl.

The earth was now enfolded in the darkness of night. There were no sounds; even the birds were asleep, and the distant traffic was dying away. Only the sky, with its innumerable stars, seemed to be filled with life.

Unconscious of it all, he strode on. His body was erect, and his step was perceptibly lighter.



ITCHEN.



BEAUTIFUL is the river when the mist
Clings low across the water and the wind
From far to seaward woos with mournful tryst.

The fretted dingy tossing in the reeds,
When morning sunlight floods the shadowed town
And wildly breaking over spires and towers
And crowded sky of masts of naked brown
Soaring from ships in white stream—cloistered peace.

Shrines in a haloed mystery the old
Tiled roofs of cottages, the wharves and gaunt
Black sheds of timber yards, all sweet with pine,
The reedy flats where river mud is shoaled,
The sullen barges and the yachts that haunt
Like birds the Solent wheeling into line.

JEU D'ESPRIT.



WERE I a polished poet, I would write
A well-bred line, revealing all my pain ;
In measured verse recount my woes aright ;
And hymn the history of my love again.

Were I a cunning sculptor, I would turn
The coldness of the hard and senseless stone
Into a warmth and beauty that would burn
Through skill, inspired by your sweet smile alone.

Were I a skilled musician, I would bring
To you a song expressing my love's fire,
And which by night to you I'd softly sing,
And publish it alone at your desire.

But since in these I may not have a part,
I'll paint thy lovely image in my heart.

SECOND JEU D'ESPRIT (ON THE PRECEDING).



DEAR SIR,
I am in no position
To judge you sculptor or musician
(Unless the figure that you cut,
Your whining airs, my words rebut).
Yet on these points I have deferred
I am inclined to take your word,
Seeing how well you prove the third.

I grant you that you are no poet ;
But tell me this, friend :—if you know it,
Why so persistent be to show it ?

It's plain your valuation's such
As not to leave you overmuch
To work in as your medium.
The best thing under the circum-
stances was to have kept mum.

P.S. It's just as well, I think,
Your only medium is ink.

RENCONTRE.



PRINCESSE inconnue, Enfant lointaine et pure,
Sais-tu le doux étonnement de tes grands yeux
Qu'enveloppe de brume et d'or ta chevelure,—
Pourquoi ton petit pas mesuré, sérieux,
M'offre, narquois, son invisible moquerie,
Et ton rire mutin, la plus fine ironie ?
Moi seul, sais ton secret simple et mystérieux :
Tes yeux bleus sont légers comme un ciel matinal.

Reste ainsi, Princesse, et que la grâce infinie
De ton corps tendrement penche ne soit pour moi
Qu'un parfum délicat de fleur épanouie.
Le vert, le blond, la molle neige sont en toi
Mariés, avec la naïveté des champs,
Évoquant, frais et beaux, un merveilleux Printemps,
Et, si nonchalante que soit ta jeune vie,
Tes yeux bleus sont légers comme un ciel matinal.

Pour avoir su voler l'image harmonieuse
De ton visage clair aux lignes précieuses,
—O rêve sûr, en sa lumineuse pâleur !—
J'ai connu le charme ineffable et la douceur
D'aubes câlines, décors subtils, mélodies . . .
Vois, Enfant, le palais où tu vis en mon cœur :
Cythère,—le bercement des vagues amies,
Et tes yeux bleus, légers comme un ciel matinal.

ENVOI.

Princesse, tout ceci n'est que jeu délicat.
Rêves de lys et d'or, tout sombre, glisse et va.
Mais à jamais pour moi, Enfant lointaine et pure,
Tes yeux bleus sont légers comme un ciel matinal.

SHAMMAH.



HAME on the world that thou, a mighty man,
shouldst lie forgotten in the Book of Kings,
thou who stoodst fast when all of Israel ran,
braving the Philistine arrows and slings.
One of the greatest three we see thee stand,
thy swarthy body girded with a skin,
thy spear of bronze uplifted in thine hand,
friend of the friend of God, slayer of sin ;
bright tearing teeth and mighty hooked nose,
deep-furrowed face writhed in a Hebrew grin,
far sunken eyes from whose deep blackness glows
the dull fire of the bloody soul within,
great among Jews who knew the spear to wield,
slaying for David in a lentile field.

THE TRAGEDY OF ARROWSMITH.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE TECHNIQUE OF SINCLAIR LEWIS.



ACCORDING to Max Gottlieb, success for a scientist was not a matter of making money but of making *sure*—not of satisfying the world but of satisfying one's self. The world is all too easily satisfied, especially in the realm of scientific discovery. Results are all it wants, and results of a kind are easily produced. Mercenary drug manufacturers, institute directors, newspaper men and publicity agents pounce on the half-discovery and mercilessly expose it to the admiring world (with all those blots and guesses and glaring inadequacies which are only noticed by the trained eye). In consequence the discoverer, pestered with fame, is no longer free to carry on his work of consolidation and verification. He sits in exasperated impotence while a few experts dotted about the world delicately pull his discovery to pieces.

Therefore, said Gottlieb, steer clear of fame. Success is quiet, steady and efficient work, and there is no consummation. You must test and verify and always improve. That is your happiness. When you attain it you are a successful scientist.

By this hard standard Martin Arrowsmith was a successful scientist. All day and nearly all night he grubbed and swore in his laboratory, sterilizing flasks, experimenting, observing, and foraging for cigarettes at dawn. From a curious boy in the surgery of a drunken country doctor, to a free-lance bacteriologist at the McGurk Institute, New York, he had made steady progress. And he was pure in his search for truth. Each time the mercenary American world had begun to tighten its grip on him he had moved on—medical student, hospital intern, country practitioner, public health officer, pathologist, and at last a free-lance. Truly he was a successful scientist, and he was beginning to do big things. He had actually stumbled on a phage which in some circumstances destroyed the bacillus of bubonic plague. A mighty discovery perhaps lay before him. Working at continuous fever heat he had achieved Gottlieb's ideal of greatest happiness. But "Arrowsmith" is a tragedy. At this point the author contemplates his nervous, atheistic, brilliant puppet and decides that the time has come for him to pay. He has reached the height of his success and now he must be cast down. Right must fight right for him, and only one right can win. But how is it to be done? The author provides the answer in the character of Leora.

Leora is Martin's wife. From the time that he met her, scrubbing a floor in a hospital room, when he was still a student, to the time of his success, she has always been there. Sloppy, carelessly dressed, smoking cheap cigarettes, and surreptitiously munching chocolates in the middle of the night, she has silently filled an enormous gap in his life, and now he cannot do without her. The author has deftly woven her personality into the story until she is an inseparable part of its pattern. He does not do it by insisting on her. She is seldom mentioned, and then only as an afterthought. Dickens in dealing with Dora in "David Copperfield" uses the same method and frankly labels those parts of the story which mention her "retrospects." A more effective way of twining a character into the heart-strings of the reader would be difficult to find. Its use shows the discrimination of the master novelist and its unobtrusive insertion in the story, the most difficult task of all, must be smoothly accomplished or else not attempted. By the time we reach the climax of the story then, Leora has become indispensable. For Martin to lose her would be a foul enormity. But the author has the deciding voice, and he is intent on the tragedy. Pity looks out from every page, but there is no help for it. Leora must die. She is

the one human element in an inhuman ideal of success, and consequently she must be removed. So will the price be paid and the balance restored.

The author is here faced with a pretty problem. How can he take this most important step in the novel and yet avoid brutality? How can Leora die and the beauty of the story still live? It is a ticklish task, but he finds the answer with that sureness and precision that characterize the whole work. There must be a climax, a tremendous climax. Martin's whole life must crash in ruins and the noise must be so great that Leora's dying cry can only be a tiny part of it. It is the only way to be kind. Even this devilish author cannot kill her in cold blood.

Plague at St. Hubert. A fair West Indian island blotted and scarred with the ancient Black Death. Death in the swamps and on the hillsides, in the houses and in the streets. First the rats had come, slinking half across the world by a series of accidents—and with them came the plague. The fleas carrying the germs passed from the rats to men, and then swiftly one after the other came weakness, buboes in the groin, delirium, coma and death. The horror was as monstrous as the stink of it. But it was Martin's one great chance. Here was the field for the great experiment which would prove or disprove the effectiveness of his phage. He would go out from the McGurk Institute armed with the full scientific equipment. Half the suffering islanders would get the phage, while the other half would be sternly denied it. And on the carefully correlated statistics of the experiment would rest the proof of the efficacy or otherwise of his phage.

So far so good. Martin, Leora and one Sondeluis, a Swede and the world's greatest plague fighter, set out from New York, equipped with white suits, pith helmets and the phage. They come on the scene of the horror and were instantly terrified by it. "He heard men shrieking in delirium; a dozen times he saw that face of terror—sunken bloody eyes, drawn face, open mouth—which marks the Black Death; and once he beheld an exquisite girl child in coma on the edge of death, her tongue black and round her the scent of the tomb." This is the scene of the climax. Incidents are piled on top of it until the final effect is gained.

They fight the plague with fire and smoke. Rats are slaughtered in their millions. Ideas and plots round each of which Edgar Wallace could have written a whole novel occur here four to a page. It is only possible to pick out a few of them. There is the beauty and terror of the island. There is the all-pervading panic, extending even to the responsible officials. Here and there is a cool and efficient doctor, working twenty hours a day, faithful unto death. But Inchcape-Jones, the English Surgeon General, on whose incapability the whole blame rests, breaks up at last and flees away in a sloop with horror in his heart. "Altogether expressionless, Inchcape-Jones tramped from the sloop to a waterfront hotel in Barbados, and stood for a long time in a slatternly room smelling of slop-pails. With the revolver which he had carried to drive terrified patients back into the isolation wards, with the revolver he had carried at Arras, he killed himself."

Sondeluis, too, the great bizarre Sondeluis, dies, but very gallantly. His last great feat, the burning of the infested village of Carib, is the peak of the story, a climax within a climax. "Against the glare the palmettos were silhouetted. The flame lighted the whole valley, roused the terrified squawking birds, and turned the surf at Point Carib to a bloody foam. With such of the natives as had strength enough and sense enough, Sondeluis' troops made a ring about the burning village, shouting insanely as they clubbed the fleeing rats and ground squirrels. In the flare of devastation Sondeluis was a fiend, smashing the bewildered rats with a club, shooting at them as they fled, and singing to himself all the while the obscene chanty of

Bill the Sailor." But a plague flea got him, and he died, cursing God for inventing the tropics. "God planned them so beautiful, flowers and sea and mountains. He made the fruit to grow so well that man need not work—and then He laughed, and stuck in volcanoes and snakes and damp heat and early senility and the plague and malaria. But the nastiest trick He ever played on man was inventing the flea."

All the while the great experiment is going on, and failing slowly and inevitably. Then Martin finds Joyce Lanyon and (in a curious way) falls in love with her. She is the tall, beautiful woman whom he really worships. He does not love her as a mate as he does Leora. Nor, if he stops to consider the matter, does he think he does. But she is there, adding to the confusion which now reaches its greatest height. And somewhere in the midst of it all Leora picks up an infected cigarette and dies. It is an incident merely. But it is the turning point of the story.

Here again we may notice the author's genuine pity for his poor puppets. It is a mighty tragedy, and all must stand still to see it and learn. "By evening he strode in the high and windy garden looking toward the sea, and dug a deep pit. He lifted her light stiff body, kissed it, and laid it in the pit. All night he wandered. When he came back to the house and saw the row of her little dresses with the lines of her soft body in them he was terrified."

Then Joyce :

" ' Mayn't I come to see you in New York ?'

' If you'd really like to.'

"She was gone, yet she had never been so much with him as through that tedious hour when the steamer was lost beyond the horizon, a line edged with silver wire. But that night, in panic, he fled up to Penrith Lodge and buried his cheek in the damp soil above the Leora with whom he had never had to fence and explain, to whom he had never needed to say, ' Mayn't I come to see you ?'

But Leora, cold in her last bed, unsmiling, did not answer him nor comfort him."

In the true classical tradition of tragedy, the whole world crashes in ruins. Even Martin's scientific success is snatched from him. The experiment fails through too many people getting injections of the phage. Martin's marriage to Joyce is a mere accentuation of his failure. Leora, whom he loved, was his weakness. Joyce whom he does not love at all, is an ever-present reminder of his downfall. And so the devil laughs as he always does in tragedies, to see the stage run with blood and a few souls go into hell. But he has not broken the circle for ever. Life is left and still spins on in its quest. The last scene, as ever, is a glimpse of the future.

"That evening Martin Arrowsmith and Terry Wickett lolled in a clumsy boat, an extraordinarily uncomfortable boat, far out on the water.

'I feel as if I were really beginning to work now,' said Martin. 'This new quinine stuff may prove pretty good. We'll plug along on it for two or three years, and maybe we'll get something permanent—and probably we'll fail !'

"DANCING SWEETHEART."



ATRONS of the Café Dansant (partners provided if required) knew Mimi well. Strangers were apt at first to overlook the little "pro," in favour of the more obvious charms of the five other occupants of the corner table from which they took their choice when they had paid 6d. to the discreet attendant who hovered attentively about the tables occupied by unaccompanied males. Soon, however, they learnt that it was fashionable to dance with Mimi, who "followed" (with equal skill) both expert disciples of the terpsichorean art and nervous beginners. It was cheaper, too, since when the others accompanied their partner to their table and clamoured for such refreshments as the establishment provided Mimi returned to the corner table to be snapped up again by one or other of her "usuals" separated for the moment perhaps from the girl friend and comfortably certain that Mimi would not intrude when she returned.

If Mimi had any other interest besides dancing few discovered it. To new partners who made the usual efforts at conversation she was polite enough; but sooner or later she would say, "I do not talk when my partner knows me well enough to know that I am not sulking," and if one could dance, to dance in silence was enough, and if one could not, one felt the need to concentrate on improvement. "Her dancing is too mechanically perfect to inspire," was the remark of one of the other pros. who specialised in bright conversation.

We never understood why Rolleston caused such a revolution in the little dancer's habits. He was, at least to begin with, a mediocre dancer. Yet for three whole months none but the two or three most daring of her former throng of partners ventured to approach her with their tickets, and even they were frequently informed that Mimi was "sorry but she was booked," and the smile with which she greeted Rolleston belied the "sorry." His table knew her far more in those days than the little corner table. Other interests even seemed to be awakening in her mind, and she no longer spent the half-day holiday practising new steps (what need had she when Rolleston varied so little?), she went out—with Rolleston.

Then Rolleston ceased to come so frequently to the Café, and if he came sat alone morosely watching Mimi's agile feet following those of the partners who were no longer rejected. "You given up dancing?" she rallied him one day as she passed his table (passed it and went back to the little corner table). "I'm sick of dancing—had too much of it, I think; one does tire of things, you know," replied Rolleston with a forced laugh. Mimi sighed; "tired of things" yes, she knew well enough. Returning to her table she idly tore up a slip of paper—an order for golf clubs (Rolleston played golf). "Hi, Perky!" she shouted to the leader of the orchestra, "let's have my epitaph!" Perky smiled and handed a copy to the pianist. Brown and Mimi waltzed exquisitely to the strains which presently arose, "I'm just a dancing sweetheart . . ."



COLLEGE RUMOURS.

Tant unt li conteor conté,
E li fableor tant fablé,
Pur les contes enbelecer,
Ke tut unt fait fable sembler.—WACE.

EXTRACT FROM A NOTEBOOK.



O-DAY, at set of sun, as we were striding along the lanes of Hampshire of which there are so many and so beautiful, and glad that we were left, to the quite stillness of the evening, we met as tall and proper a figure of a man as any in Illyria.

We were bellowing snatches of old songs (mainly for ourselves) and were just mouthing those lines of Swinburne's "Atalanta"—"And in green underwood and cover blossom by blossom the spring begins"—lending our whole spirit to the melody of the words, even although they not a little disturbed the universal peace around us, when up comes to us this tall giant of a man, walking due east. The fact that he was walking due east being in itself not so remarkable as the fact that he was facing due west. And he came on with great healthy strides looking steadfastly behind him, as if loth to lose sight of a cherished thing, yet in a hurry to be gone. We thought perhaps this solitary figure was setting out on some lone romantic quest and that this was his last long lingering glance at his kindred. We were reminded, even before we had time to see the man's face, of "the Conjuror" of that "paradoxical Irishman" Bernard Shaw.

Deliberately we placed ourselves straight in the man's path, and braced ourselves for the collision. "Blossom by blossom," we murmured, "the spring beg—!"

"Good evening," said we.

"Good heavens," said he.

We confess that for a moment we trembled; and we did so until we caught a glimpse of a warm, magnificent glow in the man's eyes. They shone with a living extensive blue, as though he had just witnessed all the glories of eternity in a single moment.

We recovered sufficiently to ask, "Why, sir, do you not look where you are going? or, alternatively, go where you are looking?"

"The answer," he replied, "is in the sky."

And as we looked with the blank incomprehension common to human beings confronted with anything which has the least appearance of a revelation, he continued, "It's written in the sky, plain as your face, limned in great leaping flames of fire, and great red mountains of cloud. Cast your eyes on the sky yonder!"

The heavens were apparently deserted, even by the birds. We expected that at least some fabulous eagle would swoop down upon us. The man strode on, and passed us by.

Then it was that we really saw the sky, as if we were seeing it for the first time. The western heavens were dancing in the colours of the sunset. For a brief moment the glow of them was so painfully vivid as to amount to spiritual hurt. It was a heaven-wide glory and a revelation. Was it our inability to read the import of that revelation that carried with it the feeling of pain? Had the Power behind all this revealed something of His nature? What manner of man had this been that had so rudely shaken our self-complacency, and who had gone on as though leaving it to us to solve his riddle, and to read his message if we would? Could it be He, to whom, between our snatches of song, we had given some thought, and had not hoped—had we really seen this man, and had we not heard the message before?

I sat and pondered long into the night, imagining a tall figure outlined against the western sky, taking great healthy strides across the sunset, and finally penetrating to the mystery beyond those living clouds of fire.

VALETE.

D. S. MILLER.



It would be superogatory to wish Dusty good luck in the future ; he is one of those fortunate mortals who invariably command success. A strong and forceful personality is more responsible for this happy condition than is any remote possibility that he is one of the dear minions of that fickle goddess Fortune. At college, this strength, aided by an oh so alarming power of assuming an imposing air of dignity befitting his high office, when occasion so demanded, made him an eminently successful President. His normal appearance must have belied him, since he was often mistaken for a member of a faculty other than that which nurtured him. Actually he was quite intelligent. He had the extraordinary gift of being able to speak, with more or less fluency, on absolutely any subject of conversation, with or without previous knowledge. His speech, of the concentrated burst type, was enriched by the encrustation of gems of vocabulary from every possible source. At intervals he would condescend to enliven the pages of this periodical with articles and notes, of a similar rich texture, mainly concerned with the game to which he lost his heart : namely, boats. Having seen him in boating costume, we are tempted to express our opinion that he must be the only Peter Pan who ever grew up. His life was lived sans peur, if not always sans reproche.

C. A. SEATON.

Pan has spent his four years in College in a consistent and almost successful attempt to make himself unpopular. Complete success has been denied him in that a small and long-suffering circle have refused to be repulsed by his deliberately insulting manner. For this circle his occasional and obscure allusions to his spiteful but interesting philosophy have been reserved. He has actually displayed something like genuine liking for one of them.

Concrete results have effectually belied the general impression that he never did any work, for he secured a good degree and produced a *West Saxon* of lasting literary worth. His agnosticism, too, seems to be based on a great deal of study.

But he is really a nasty man, and sensitive to an exasperating degree. A final comment, which is advanced with some temerity (since he may refuse to publish this sketch because of it), is that he is a real poet. In any case, he will admit that he is the best verse writer (to be) in Southampton for a number of years.

G. J. TROTMAN.

The College is losing its most hard-working student. Trotman seems to have succeeded in reproducing the massive erudition of the French scholars whom he has studied consistently for an unbelievable number of hours per day during his stay at College. He has acquired, besides a distinguished degree, a very fine polish and elegant manner which partly compensate for his apparent reserve.

His efficiency and scholarly appetite have even awakened some stirrings of conscience among his fellow students in the philosophy of education this session. But his greatest feat is his escape from the deadly sameness of Old Tauntonians. He is never seen Wearing His Old School Tie !

G. T. GEESON.

In the last year of his college career, George became president of both the S.C.M. and the Debating Society, and with his tongue well oiled by the practice of a term's exile, broke forth into an orgy of public speaking. Formerly he had been content

to cast the pearls of his utterance before an audience fit though few. It might well be said of him that he afforded continual evidence of his personal charm. He went forth to speak to the dwellers in the West, and convinced them of the truth of his arguments. In the winter he spoke a cheerful part from the touch-line, but in the summer he played a more active role, taking as many wickets by his contortions as by his accuracy. We wish good luck to the graduate who retained his youth.

G. B. GALTON.

"Five years have passed; five summers, with the length of five long winters!"

Those of us who are beginning to consider ourselves old in terms of college years remember that in our very earliest days our present Vice-President was a power in the land. Betty ruled over her fellow students almost from the start of her college career, and her magnificent handling of refractory males, during her period of complete supremacy, was not so much a revelation as a justification. Like the ways of fate, she was entirely inscrutable, and her manner always seemed to indicate that she was thinking great thoughts. Her lightest action was done with a high seriousness well befitting one born to rule. She drank coffee in precisely the same way that she made a speech; as if her action was the result of months of deliberation. We shall miss one who turned practically everything she touched to gold, and who was a model of quiet efficiency.

W. TAPLIN.

In a moment of weakness, Tap. once declared that he never had any weak moments. In spite of this declaration he always seemed to get his fair share of enjoyment out of life. As he had the courage to sacrifice all external interests in an effort to become something more than a mere imitation of a student, he became one of the best known figures in College. He managed to have an iron in practically every college fire, social, dramatic, and reached the peak of his performance as an unforgettable Ko-Ko. Many of his views were slightly heterodox, but in one opinion he was in agreement with the rest of College; that there was no one quite like Taplin.

He has gone up higher.

M. M. HAWES.

The loss to our community when Mary goes down can only be compensated for by the realisation that at least one person will be entering the teaching profession who is ideally suited to it. She has a boundless enthusiasm and zeal which will override all tendencies to disillusionment, and her teeming brain with its endless schemes and ambitious fantasies will be a constant source of inspiration. If education has failed now in this country, Mary may safely be trusted to put it right, and when we are old and grey and full of sleep "we shall see her perhaps the alert chief of His Majesty's Inspectorate.

Those who know her best, joy in the knowing: possessed of a fluent tongue, a healthy appetite and a generous heart, she is a courageous soul; indeed, even in such places where angels might well fear to tread, Mary will come in and close the door.

If Mary has a past, she certainly has a great future before her, and we wish her well in it.

E. S. CHARLTON.

Charlie antedates most people at College, even to the extent of being mistaken for a lecturer at the beginning of this session by an ingenuous fresher. He wishes to

disclaim all connection with lectures and lecturers. His last year at College has been one long practical protest against the lecture system, and for a long time was joint holder of the record for fewest Diploma essays. But he has more titles to fame than this. Everyone is indebted to him for his moustache and his efficient stage productions. A fund of stories brought from America and his membership of the Boat Club increased his clubbiness. We look forward to seeing him again when he comes back for Dip.

B. D. LIVINGSTONE.

After spending his early years over matriculation, he came to College in 1929. Despaired of at every examination for which he has entered, he yet bears a charmed life and is entitled to write the letters B.Sc. after his name. Honours being thus thrust upon him the iron early entered into his soul, and he acquired, not without outside influences, a dislike for the established order, which went beyond mere words. And in this he was not without his little hour of triumph. His passions were dancing and cross-country running. We shall remember him—and his car.

P. WORNER.

"Can such things be?" we asked, when he first swam into our ken. But time reconciles us to everything, even to Incledon. His delicate feline mew, his soft sibilants, and his umbrella have only been with us a year, and yet I doubt if we shall forget them. At debates he immolated himself (intellectually) to tickle the ears of the groundlings (or, alternatively, to make a Roman holiday). We wonder what his effect on present-day school children will be, and, in any case, wish him luck.

RUTH MADELINE FIELDER WATTS, B.A.

Veni, vidit, vici:

She warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and she is ready to depart.

J. F. GRABER, B. F. G. HARRIS, D. DARLING.

And behold there came three wise men from afar, which brought their divers gifts from strange lands. And it came to pass that when a year was ended, they departed to their own country, and we knew them no more.

HEAVEN.



LOFTY library, spacious, deep and cool,
With oaken panels, shadowed vaulted roof,
Where noiseless hover Beauty, Goodness, Truth.
No glaring noisome day of rays flung full
Through open window must dispel all gloom,

But rather let a dim mysterious light
Envelop all, nearly to veil from sight
The still and distant reaches of the room.
And books and books high piled: and this my need
To read, oh God, for ever just to read.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,



THE time has undoubtedly come when a true report should be issued concerning that noble institution, the Rambling Club. Many and erroneous are the reports spread abroad. They must be exploded. Why do people ramble? The Club is open to all members of the College, past and present, who are interested in rambling for its intrinsic value. It is decidedly not a matrimonial agency, a "Rambling Reno," an "Amateur Hikers' Association," a soap-box for red-hot agitators, or an ignoble society of "pub-crawlers." There are many true ramblers. These appreciate rambles in all weathers, do not object if they never see an inn, and are only compensated for not following the proposed route if the one followed offers as much interesting country as the planned one. They know the Secretary's capabilities—and his limitations—and are quite content with him in office. They appreciate the little incidents that occasionally occur, as for instance when two juvenile members of the Club play boats with a shoe on Beaulieu river and fall into the water and mud, or when those same small people with their friends go paddling among the minnows, optimistically hoping to catch some for hostel supper. If true ramblers get wet they don't grumble, but wait till the sun and wind dry them. They take their own food, and when certain unscrupulous people abscond with most of it they share what is left, and a merry tea ensues, even if it is eaten in a barn because it is too wet to sit down out of doors. Should there be cows in that barn and one Rambler claims kinship with them, the incident adds to the general feeling of well-being. True ramblers keep their wits about them. A certain person once offered a small sum of money to anyone who could cross a bog pond without wetting his shoes, so the Secretary took up the challenge and paddled through the water, carrying his footwear. Occasionally the ramblers stop at a cafe or a P.R.H.A. house for tea. Then they eat all, sup all, and—unlike the Yorkshireman—pay all. What matter if they miss that glorious banquet, hostel supper? They merely exist till breakfast time or, should they miss that through late rising, refec. at 11 a.m. Bus and ferry fares are annoying, but they are worth it to traverse fresh country. The same applies to cycling part of the way, unless the ramblers are also fond of cycling and thus need no justification. But enough of true ramblers! There are quite a few worthy of the name, and these need no further description. But there are many who are not true ramblers, and these pests are the bane of the Club. Some will not be described here, for this letter is polite and will, I hope, be published. First, there are the red-hot politicians who have firm opinions on every subject beneath the sun, and wish to convert other people. There is a prevalent idea that they ramble for the sake of an audience. If they would only walk together and talk against each other, peaceably, all would be well, but they do not. The only way the officials can keep peace is to separate the orators as much as possible and give to each a silent, if possible, unintelligent foil. Should an argument develop into personalities, the subject is promptly changed, for these oratorical pests can be—and often are—extremely rude.

Closely allied to this species of pest is the man who continually hopes to get lost! Occasionally he manages it, choosing the time, of course, when he has agreeable companions (not men), most of the ramblers' food, and a refreshment place is not too far away. This pest is usually characterized by an exaggerated idea of his own powers, and feels extremely piqued when not allowed to usurp the authority of President, Secretary and committee together. Together with this pest is another, perhaps the most virulent and dangerous to the reputation of the Club—the pub-crawler. These

people—animals I would say—regard the Club as a convenience for going from one inn to another, and only crossing uninhabited country during closing hours. They grumble because they are seldom able to visit one of these obnoxious buildings, and they are always thirsty. Should someone suggest water or tea, or even milk from the farm, they remark savagely, "I said a drink," overemphasising the last word. Not content with thus trying to damage the Club's reputation, they talk about it afterwards as though they are the most important members of the Club and that everyone does as they wish. They forget to mention that they are extremely unpopular and that the true ramblers avoid "pubs" and do not wait while the pub-crawlers go to quench their thirst! To such people we would suggest that they stay at home and frequent their local place of refreshment.

The last major species of pest with which we have to deal includes those gregarious animals which tend to wander off in couples. The Club is "co-ed," but that is no reason why people should say, with a sinister smile, "Ah!! the matrimonial agency!" or "Oh, yes! Rambling Reno, of course!" Two names that are very different in meaning, yet that are equally obnoxious to us! If people want to wander off in couples, why don't they try the picturesque wood or the Common near home? These places are rather favoured by such couples, I believe, and one or two couples more or less would make no difference, yet it would save the Club much annoyance. To this species of pest I would also assign those people who ramble occasionally, or even regularly, because someone with whom they wish to get better acquainted rambles on such occasions. These appendages are more than a nuisance. No language is too strong to describe them. They ramble, hoping to be with the one person all the time and then they feel aggrieved when they find it impossible. I would also include in this species of pest the friends of true ramblers who force the said ramblers to choose between the Club and their friendship. These people know nothing of the Club, but being jealous, make the most of erroneous reports and suspect ramblers of all evil. True ramblers—the friendship of these people is worth nothing!

Now, sir, I hope that I have made it sufficiently clear to all intelligent people that the Rambling Club is what its name implies, and not a matrimonial agency nor any of the other institutions which it is popularly supposed to be. True ramblers can not, and will not, accept responsibility for actions or speeches or reports concerning any of the pests from which they suffer. The Club officials cannot forbid these pests to go out with the Club, and so "the evil that can't be cured . . ."

WEALCERE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

Jazz, in the true sense of the word, is dead. May it stay dead, for the good of the universe. These two statements, being in direct opposition as it were to the title, may suggest that the writer is possessed of a mind a trifle unbalanced. But it is not so, dear reader, it is not so. Like the prophet of old, I will unfold my innermost thoughts to you all.

There is a definite misconception of the meaning of the word "jazz."

In the good old days, when men wore mutton-chop whiskers and ladies (if there were any) wore—well, that's another story, then one might have heard jazz blared out by an orchestra probably consisting of two fiddles, two trombones and an array of gasping tin whistles. Then, dear reader, you could have sat back and enjoyed real jazz, rendered with full gusto and complete indifference as to whether half the orchestra were playing Alexander's Rag Time Band and the other half still tuning up or not.

Well, I hope you are beginning to see what "jazz" really is, or was.

Everybody must, at some time or other, have heard that famous signature tune, "Say it with music." Could any highbrow tell a bare-faced lie and say that it was "that horrid jazz?"

There has been a revolution. The days of "jazz" are dead. Now we have beautiful melodies with a background of subdued rhythm which is a delight to hear. I am firmly convinced that people who say they cannot enjoy orchestras such as Ambrose's, Roy Fox and other famous orchestras, are either deaf or liars.

I repeat, dance music has altered and improved tremendously during the last twenty years, and it has become universally popular. Hylton and Payne earn well over £10,000 each per year. They would be offended were they offered the meagre salary of the Prime Minister.

Allow me to turn my wandering thoughts to the other side of the picture and discuss "classical music."

I like classics, I enjoy hearing them—I enjoy playing them. But some of the intricate fugues are a plague and some of the lesser known symphonies are lousy.

A very highbrow gentleman once took his less highbrow friend to a certain symphony concert. Half way through the first movement the friend looked up and innocently remarked, "I say, old chap, it takes this darned band of yours a hell of a time to tune up." Need I say more? Thank you, I thought not.

Some fugues and symphonies have very little musical effect. Their technique is admirable, but their musical effect is sadly lacking. They are chunks of good technique served up on manuscript, and the one who suffers least with indigestion is able to swallow them.

But like the quack doctor in the market-place, who begins talking to his audience about missionary work in South Africa, then goes on to talk about horse racing, and concludes some two hours later by producing a bottle or two from nowhere apparently, and dramatically declares that "This is the very last lot"—I have also to bring out my bottles, and here they are.

Modern rhythm has superseded "jazz." There is a definite change for the good. People must have something to whistle. The first time any one of you meets a person in the street humming one of Bach's fugues, I will emulate Gaudí and commence a twenty-one days' fast in an endeavour to get everyone to hum Bach's fugues.

Having sold my bottles, I will conclude by telling you a little bedtime story which is perfectly true.

A certain well-known symphony conductor once declared that dance music was vile, and then proceeded to say that he had never heard any in his life. Brr !!

Yours sincerely,

"SAY IT WITH MUSIC."

WELSHMEN.

Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were the fashion.—DRYDEN.

THE PROFESSOR, interviewing a student,
"Sit down."

Student sits down.

Professor: "No, not that chair. That's a staff chair."

LAST WORD ON A QUOTATION.

Fortunately though, some superior persons are still superior
to the quite superior persons who are not so superior as they are.

—D. H. LAWRENCE.

SOUR GRAPES.



THE University of Oxford has been called the home of lost causes. Our own University College might well be termed the home of lost careers. We are not what we might be, and either we accept defeat or we adopt an arrogant pretence to hide our shortcomings. In these twin poses, defeatism and empty bombast, can be found the origins of our social disorders and our cultural stagnation. Neither Staff nor students escape from this indictment. The former have accepted the disappointment of an unfulfilled career, or else they hope to discover soon the next rung on the ladder for which they grope with growing petulance. The latter feel that they have come to a makeshift institution, only justified in so far as it may lead to safe employment in a depressed world; and they know only too well that the career it offers them is only the pale reflection of the career they might have found elsewhere. On every side there is the biting realisation of the career that might have been. And we suffer thereby.

Some men make journalistic copy of this situation, using the *West Saxon* as their pulpit, in default of an open forum in *Wessex*, and proclaim that the relations between Staff and students are strained and unhealthy. Other men point the finger of scorn at all activities in College, and arouse resentment for their sardonic and destructive criticism. Professors and lecturers bewail the intellectual calibre of those who sit at their feet, and the powers that be continually lament a lack of good manners amongst those in their charge. And behind all this is a welter of confused but excellent intentions.

All this complaint and criticism and the ill-humour and perplexity that go with it, are rooted in defeatism or pride. Either we say that this is a woefully poor show, and flaunt our shame, or we intone continually in accents supercilious the fact that, come what may, this is a UNIVERSITY institution, and treat the evident deviations from that idea as the refined treat bad smells.

What is this thing which we either admit we are not or pretend falsely that we are? Can we become it by chanting runes, or by weeping over the unfortunate company we are compelled to keep? Do we, in fact, want to be other than our nature intends us to be? No man can define a university. No university can be made from without or from above, but grows out of the living together of minds and emotions bent on common tasks. University College, Southampton, is what *we* are, and can never be anything else. It is not Oxford, nor is it an ill-equipped secondary school. We make it; and we mar it if we let our minds dwell on what "it" ought to be, instead of on what we are capable of being. If we despair, then we have no place. If we mock or weep, our situation is akin to that of the criminal lunatic in society at large. If we strut we are criminals. And in these follies and vices, in despairing, in mocking, in sorrowing, and in strutting, our troubles lie.

We are not defeated, nor have we grounds for conceit. We are not trying. All our poses disguise mental sloth and moral cowardice. We do not want what is hard to get, and so the grapes are sour. Why can we not be ourselves, and build on that? If we are puffed up, it is because we are afraid of being found out. If we are scornfully indifferent, it is because we know we shall be found out.

Let us forget all our clap-trap about culture, and then we may find the real thing, not the smear of varnish that comes of taking a correspondence course in six lessons—"Uplift for the Masses," by the Uplifted. No less must the downright and hearty lowbrow see the folly of his noisy dogma. We must discover ourselves. As it is, we are a crowd of inferior actors, with all the vanity and jealousy that go with histrionic

mediocrity. As a result, College life at all levels is quarrelsome and petty. We are cruel and we are rude. And all the time we pretend, pretend, pretend.

Manners maketh man. But manners are not the gloss of a finishing school. They cannot be taught with the curse or the bludgeon. They can be adopted as a cheap accomplishment, but fundamentally they represent simply the ability to live with other people. Society makes its own manners. If we are rude, the make-up of our society is wrong. We do not like each other, and therefore we have no manners. To pretend that we do not like each other *because* we have no manners is a vicious deception. It is an old political trick, because it is easy to ignore the more uncomfortable claims of the lower classes by disliking men who eat peas with a knife or keep coals in the baths a kindly providence has given them. In our smaller society, we have less excuse for this comforting fiction. We are rude, all of us. Why?

Why have we no manners? What is wrong with our society? It would be labouring the argument to answer in detail. We must forget the Chairs we might have had, the books we might have written, the subjects we might have mastered, the Colleges we might have gone to, and the jobs we might now be looking forward to had we gone to those Colleges. We must forget our lost careers, because it is the gaudy and lying pretence with which we deck our excuses and explanations for having lost those careers that makes us impossible to live with. We must forget our lost careers and remember only the one that we have got. As it is, we claim privileges for what might have been, and build up a class-society on the assumption that if right had its way we would be men of authority and prestige. We must *earn* our rewards, and win our prestige. We must be ourselves, and not vain imitations of what we think we ought to be. Not even the claims of publicity, corporate or individual, must lead us astray. Our life here is an end in itself. If we realise that it is what we can do and not what we "ought" to be capable of doing that counts, then we shall like one another as no crowd of cheap actors, consumed with vanity and self-pity, can ever do. Then our manners will be good. And not our social manners alone. We shall evolve our intellectual and academic etiquette, and become genuinely civilised, staff and students alike.

The discipline that is imposed on a society spirit by artificial privilege and class-consciousness is worse than useless, even if it is masked under democratic forms. So with the *dole* of culture and good manners. If we need discipline, culture and good manners, and all of us in every Common Room do, then we must work it out for ourselves. It must come to us in the course of our thinking and living together. We must realise that if the grapes are sour, it may be our own fault. We must cease to protest too much. Rid of these restrictions, and finding our own feet, we will justify our existence to ourselves. We shall be happier, we may well forget whether we are Staff or students, and we shall find that our heated and insoluble problems will no longer exist. And what is more, we shall know the surest road to a solution of the social problems of the world at large. Meanwhile let us stop all our nonsense, and start living together reasonably. Don't let us go about asking, "What's to be done?" in tones of forced despondency. We must be sensible and honest; what we need to adopt is not a programme, but a right attitude.

B. F. G. H-RR-S.

I believe in immortality, because God has given me a prophetic appetite for it.—J. L. JONES.

V. J. B-RN-S.

Too much love there can never be.—BROWNING.

TO P. R.



HANK God for this :

that I shall remember you
not as a flickering soul, the fretful sport
of sneering circumstance,
but as a loveliness He gave to men and women.

The burning colours in your hair will feed a longing in me
when words are dead
and only music
lingers.

Your dark brown Irish eyes
will penetrate
even the thin cold greyness of a sterile barrenness
with ecstasy.

And I shall dream long endless dreams of
the static beauty of you,
burst into quivering tremulous wonderful movement
turning so skilfully,
beautifully
caressing

in a one perfect God-made ballet.
And so I shall always remember you
as a loveliness God gave to men and women.

HOPE—A THOUGHT.

You have come so far in a strange, unfriendly land,
Foot-weary, heart sad, searching—oh why?—for Truth,
Blinded with dust of travel, did you not know
Greenness, bird-song, laughter stay near at hand?

COLLEGE OFFICE.

Here pay their entrance fees the souls unblest ;
Cast in some hope, you enter with the rest.—JAMES THOMSON.

MISS -G-LV-.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie.—BURNS.

ON SOME OF US.

And they that creep and they that fly
shall end where they began.—GRAY.

(BARNES, BRIGGS, OR A SIMILAR VICTIM.)

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?—SHAKESPEARE.

D. S. M-LL-R.

Where I made one, turn down an empty glass—FITZGERALD.

GOING-DOWN DINNER.

Why have I girt myself with this hell dress?—BROWNING.



HIGHFIELD HALL.



HE Summer Term is always a time of struggle to work in the face of temptations in the contrary direction, *i.e.*, to sunbathe and to lounge generally, and the growing attractiveness of our garden has been both a hindrance and an incentive in this respect. The reason for the first is obvious; for the second, because there are now cool and shady nooks where the serious-minded worker may retire for peace and quiet toil.

We are planning to entertain members of Staff in the last week of term, when we hope our display of flowers will be at its best.

It was a great pleasure to see Miss Leveson at Highfield for a week-end this term, and we hope she will come more often in the future.

These are the last Hall Notes of 1932-33, so it would not be inappropriate to invoke blessings on the heads of all who follow after, by way of conclusion.

C. B. G.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

We have really little to report, but lest our neighbours should imagine that we have suddenly been assailed by modesty, or overcome by the heat (the temperature, as I write, is fast striving to create another record), or troubled by that strange and unwanted affection for libraries and books which seizes some of us about the beginning of June, we here present ourselves as flourishing as ever. The only event of outstanding importance in our records this term is the Staff tea, which we held on Friday, May 12th, in conjunction with Russell Hall. On that occasion we had a very pleasant time, and venture to hope that our guests had the same. In conclusion, then, we make our bow for the year, with the firm conviction that collectively, as well as individually, we are very much alive.

NEW HALL.

Owing to the blameless living of its inhabitants, New Hall has little to report this term.

We can look back on a year which we feel and hope has been successful in every way. We realise that the greater part of the success has been due to the efforts of our Warden, and we very much regret that at last he has found a greater interest than us men of New Hall.

Only those who have lived in Hall can realise the tremendous amount of good work that he has done in the building up of that spirit of good fellowship that has now become one of our characteristics. We all wish him the very best in his new "Wardenship."

D. W. M.



CRICKET CLUB.

ALTHOUGH up to the present the team has not surpassed itself to reach sublime heights, yet we have no mediocre achievements to chronicle. Of last year's side only five members remained, and with these as a nucleus, the team was further recruited from a galaxy of promising juniors, who have in part fulfilled their early promise. As Bristol University had decided not to compete this year, it only remained for us to win the match against Exeter to become winners of the Southern Group of the U.A.U. Championship. This we accomplished in no indecisive fashion, and thus we have reached the semi-final round of the U.A.U. Championship and qualified to meet the winners of the Midland Group, an achievement, we believe, unparalleled in the history of the Club. Other than University sides we have met and in most cases beaten strong local sides.

While it would be somewhat invidious to single out individuals for especial mention, yet we cannot allow to remain hidden in obscurity some of the more remarkable feats of the season. The opening pair, Warren and Martel, have batted with confidence and consistency throughout the season, and particularly is the former's display against the Hants Club and Ground to be commended; while, in the Exeter match Martel was distinctly unfortunate to miss his century by one run. Coulsey has on occasion shewn flashes of his old-time brilliance, and his century in the opening match was a model of ease and rapidity in scoring. Of the side's bowling, the general criticism is that it is steady and efficient, but definitely lacking in variety; but to such advantage has Warren used the bowling at his command that the danger of a somewhat unvaried attack has been minimised. Slackness in the field has contributed in no small measure to the formidable totals compiled against us in the earlier matches; however, of late the improvement has been remarkable.

Finally, a few valedictory words. It is with the deepest regret that we contemplate the departure at the end of the session of those who have contributed so largely in building up the high prestige which the Club now enjoys, and we can only hope that those who remain will make every endeavour to maintain the traditions which have been established.

G. G. W.

BOAT CLUB.

Ichabod! Our glory is departed. By the waters of Itchen we sit ourselves down; we hang up our blades on the willows and weep. For he that was as it were a skipper unto us sojourns awhile in a far country, and our cry cometh not unto him. Nevertheless we have gone forth to battle, and returned not void nor empty of glory.

Last term the First and Second crews remained up for an extra week and went to London for the "Head of the River" on 25th March. The First Eight, starting at the bottom of the "Sandwich" division as a new entry, did well to go up about twenty places. The Second Eight, starting where the First Eight had finished last year, lost only two places. Out of an entry of 139 crews, represented by the best clubs in the country, U.C.S. finished 58th and 98th.

This term there has been only one match, at Reading on May 31st. There the Eight, with two men who had been brought in barely a week earlier, gave Reading University a hard race over a course of rather more than a mile. Getting away to a good start at 36, U.C.S. gained a lead of nearly half a length. This they succeeded in holding for three-quarters of a mile, when Reading crept up and finally won by about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths. It was some little consolation to learn that Southampton was the only College crew who had led Reading for four years!

As several members of the Eight will be up next year, and considerable keenness is being shown by the Juniors, it is hoped that this year's improvement may be maintained next season.

Once again, we must record our deep gratitude to our indefatigable coach, Mr. Casson. Only his "victims" can realise how very much is due to his energy and enthusiasm, and what success has been achieved we freely ascribe in no small measure to his help and guidance.

THE MEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

For the third year in succession the Club boasts of an unbeaten record, an achievement of which we are justifiably proud, but of which we will say no more, in case we fall at the next hurdle. We were unfortunate in being without the track prowess of our skipper, K. C. Moore, who has nursed a game knee; but he has been with us in spirit, and has acted in the capacity of our "strong man."

We were successful on a rain-sodden track at Exeter, and won the Southern Universities' Championship, the result being: U.C.S. 54½ points, Exeter University College 32½ points, Bristol University 10 points.

In the U.A.U. Sports at the White City, London, the Club had six competitors, and managed to gain eleventh position out of twenty competing Universities and University Colleges.

We again won the Hants Inter-Collegiate Championship, which was this year held at Winchester. (The Club would like to take this opportunity of thanking our many supporters who braved the elements at this meeting.) The final result was: U.C.S. 33½ points, Winchester 22½ points and Portsmouth 10 points. During the afternoon three "records" fell to our efforts.

We have had two drawn matches with the R.N. and R.M. (Portsmouth), and we have pleasant memories of the good opposition and sportsmanship of our opponents.

In conclusion, one can only hope that the good fellowship gained, and the companionship bred from our matches, may be carried on by those members of the Club who go down at the close of this term. To those remaining we hope they will carry on the unbeaten flag of the Athletic Club in seasons to come.

G. I.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Women's Athletic Club has certainly come to stay. This year sees an increase in numbers and as great an enthusiasm as ever. With a nearly full fixture list, including matches against Reading, Bristol and Goldsmiths', as well as local clubs, it expects to have a very enjoyable season. Already it has made history by sending representatives for the first time from Southampton to the Women's Inter-Varsity Sports held this year at Leeds; next year it hopes to send a full team. Although unsuccessful on the whole at the Hampshire Inter-Collegiate Sports at Winchester, it is proud to have beaten two records, and those by no narrow margin. This is hopeful, as it shows there is still talent left in the team, in spite of last year's losses. We hope that it will remain and increase in the years to come.

TENNIS CLUB.

Unfortunately the Club have lost the services of S. Chard, who is away on school practice at Christ's Hospital. L. K. Reford has taken his place as captain. This year a change has been made in the constitution of the Club in having two secretaries, one for the women and one for the men. The men have not been very successful so far but the women are to be congratulated on beating Exeter and Bristol, and in so doing qualify for the semi-final of the U.A.U. Championship. Results:

1st Team. Men.

Arcadian Spartans	Rained
Winchester Training College	Won 9—0
Exeter... ..	Lost 1—5
Bristol... ..	Rained
Peter Symonds' and Taunton's	
Staff	Lost 3—6

Women.

Arcadian Spartans	Rained
Portsmouth Ladies	Won 8—1
Exeter	Won 4—0
Bristol (replay)	Won 5—2

2nd Team. Men.

Portsmouth Mun. Coll.	Won 7—5
Winchester Training Coll. ...	Won 9—0
Portsmouth Mun. Coll.	Lost 5—7

Women.

Portsmouth Mun. Coll.	Won 7—5
Portsmouth Mun. Coll.	Lost 5—7

H. P. W.





LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.



O begin with, we must apologise for the fact that no account of last term's debating activities appeared in the last number of this venerable periodical. Honestly, the Secretary *did* write an account, but managed to lose it before the day of going to press, and thus incurred the righteous wrath of the Editor.

However, we propose to rectify the matter by giving in this number a full account of the Society's doings for this and last term. Actually, while we are about it we might as well make it an annual account, as we must begin our report by an account of the last debate of the Christmas Term. This sounds bad, but as this debate in question, which was the occasion of the Indian Debating Team's visit to U.C.S., took place after the Christmas number of the *West Saxon* had gone to press, it was hardly possible to give an account of it in that number.

Well, to get down to brass tacks, the Indian debate was a great success. Mr. Tendon, of Manchester, supported by Mr. Warrior, of the London School of Economics proposed the provocative motion, "That the material advantages of Western Civilisation are outweighed by its Moral Disadvantages." Mr. Tendon painted a lurid picture of the chronic materialism of the modern world. Mr. Inledon Worner, opposing for U.C.S., attacked in his habitually caustic and Oxford manner the coherent pessimism of his Oriental adversaries, and expressed the opinion that the courage of the Western world, which did not fear to progress by the admittedly dangerous road of science, would ultimately save the world from moral chaos. Mr. Warrior, seconding the proposition, made a fine fighting speech, fired with deep sincerity of feeling. He denied that the Oriental mind was stagnant and pessimistic; on the contrary, it had a truer conception of morality than the Western mind. Western civilisation, he said, was highly respected in the East, but its auto-intoxication, its injustice and its social and political immorality were deplored. Mr. Goss seconded the opposition by stating that it was impossible to compare a material advantage with a moral disadvantage, and quoted some pseudo-Nietzsche concocted previously by the combined efforts of Mr. Goss and of an eminent student official. The House was very impressed and swallowed the hoax. Mr. Goss concluded by stoutly upholding the material and moral superiority of the western world. A hot debate ensued from the floor, but Mr. Tendon's speech, summing up, carried the day for the proposition with 97 votes against 14.

During the Easter Term we continued our Saturday morning debates with a considerable amount of success. Judging by the appreciably large attendances, these debates seem to be appreciated as a means of filling in time between 11 a.m. and lunch-time. So the Debating Society has its uses, despite the fact that a motion, "That Debating is Futile," was carried by a large House on January 14th, Mr. Harris and Miss Shields proposing and Mr. Trotman and Miss Mills opposing.

An all-women's debate, held on January 28th, was a great success, and conclusively proved that our feminine contemporaries, their maiden modesty once conquered, are just as efficient in public speaking as they are in private conversation. On this occasion Misses Hitchens, Christiansen and Bradbury supported the proposition, "That the Press exercises a pernicious influence on the Modern World," and were opposed by the Misses Galton, Hargreaves and Bright. All were excellent speeches. The motion was carried by a large majority.

The increasing activity of the women in debating circles is further manifested by the fact that debates have been conducted from time to time among the women at Highfield Hall. Bravo, Highfield!

On February 25th, the motion, "That 'Safety First' is a dangerous policy," was hotly debated. Mr. Geeson and Miss Shields spoke for the motion, opposed by Mr. Stone and Miss Mills. The motion was carried by 37 votes to 14.

On March 9th the much-discussed Oxford motion, "That this House will in no circumstances fight for King and Country," was debated in the Music Studio, in collaboration with the Political Club, the S.C.M., the Chemical Society and the League of Nations' Society. The debating was fierce, both from the principal speakers and from the floor. Mr. Goss proposed the motion, seconded by Mr. Geeson, and Mr. Mawby and Mr. Crews opposed the motion, which was carried by 110 votes to 70.

During the Easter Term, several delegates were sent to Inter-Varsity debates at other universities. Mr. Geeson had the distinction of being broadcast at the I.V.D. Bangor; Mr. Mawby went to Bristol, Mr. Charlton to London, and Mr. Brumby to Reading.

Mr. Worner proposed on March 9th, "That a Debating Hall Building Fund should be inaugurated, and a Society of Contributors be founded." This was carried. Foundation members contributed on the spot one shilling each. Freshers will in future be asked to join the Society. The Secretary is ready to receive at any time contributions from those persons who wish to join the Society. It is hoped that this scheme will be fostered, and we have visions of an imposing Debating Hall, belonging to and controlled by the Building Society, and which will adorn the future University of Wessex.

One debating event is to be recorded for this term. On April 29th, Messrs. Morris, of Texas University, and Anderson, of Kansas University, came all the way from the U.S.A. to tell us "That this House should favour the Prohibition Motion." So once more U.C.S. has been honoured by being the first college to entertain an American Debating Team. Many will remember the two charming young ladies from the other side of the pond who debated with us last year. Well, the women were just as charmed with our male guests this year as the men were last year with the American ladies. Good humour and straight speaking were the key notes of the debate. Moreover, the Americans' arguments were very strong, even if they were not strong enough to convert us to the Pusseyfoot doctrine. Messrs. Mawby and Stone ably defended our national beverage ("Better and Cheaper," etc.), and many speeches from the floor made it obvious that Prohibition was not very popular—at least among the men. Nevertheless, the Americans were but narrowly defeated by 70 votes to 50.

This session we are losing our President, Mr. Geeson. We are very grateful to him for the enthusiasm and verve he has shown this session; the success of the Society this year is almost entirely due to him. The Secretary, especially, will miss him, as he (the Secretary) has been relieved of much of his work by the said worthy President.

CHORAL SOCIETY, 1932-1933.

The Choral Society is truly a ubiquitous body. For the greater part of the session their energies are spent in preserving the already high reputation of the Society in light opera. The easy melodies and rhythms of Sullivan and Gilbert provide very entertaining rehearsals on many Tuesday evenings in winter. Then suddenly in spring, as their labours are about to have a joyful birth, they start on an entirely new venture, the summer Symphony Concert. No longer is melody so simple or rhythm so easy, and the more faint-hearted sopranos and tenors shirk the rigours of Elgar's choral writing. Yet in spite of these difficulties and in face of hot weather and even Finals, the Society manages to quit itself well on the great day.

Hopes were entertained that "Ruddigore" would be the opera played this year. Lack of the necessary principals forced the Society to the "Mikado," a choice which proved to be a very happy one. Those who saw the performances on the first and last nights will long remember them as two of the greatest thrills in College life. The scene disclosed as the curtain rose on the first act deserved all the applause it obtained. The Japanese nobles, even if their "make-up" was far from perfect, in their colourful dresses, set against the scenery, so ably painted by S. Hopper, made a delightful tableau. Their singing and acting was of high standard throughout. The same cannot be said of the Japanese maids. They looked charming—(why is it that College women always look so good in the Choral Society chorus?)—but their acting was never really convincing. Their singing at times was excellent, especially in the song, "Braid the Raven Hair," and at times rather patchy and uncertain. The best chorus work was indubitably in the finale of Act I.

The standard of merit attained by the principals was variable. W. Taplin sang very indifferently—but what Koko could ever sing? His acting was as good as any ever seen on the Hall stage. His last encore to "Here's a state of things" on the Saturday night was a masterpiece of extempore acting; his facial contortions were always humorous and never inane. Without doubt he was the personal success of the production. Miss Norah Moore as Katisha was not so convincing as she was as the Duchess in the "Gondoliers." Nevertheless her singing was, as usual, outstanding, especially in her arias in the finale of Act I. Miss Hughes was another success as Yum-Yum; it was good to hear a real soprano of merit in a College opera. Too long have we had to suffer from heroines with indifferent voices and no histrionic ability in College operas. The other two little maids, played by Miss Scraggs and Miss Ulrich, were, if not excellent, quite sufficing. A. Clayton as Pish Tush had very little opportunity to display his very pleasing bass voice. His part in the opera seems a little unnecessary. Nanki Poo is a fine part for any tenor; C. Hughes sang the part very well, and his acting was well above expectations. Pooh Bah, "born sneering," was both sung and acted very well by J. Robertson, whilst B. J. F. Mawby, if not the usual "starch and unbending monarch" the Mikado is meant to be, certainly looked very impressive and sang his part as adequately as necessary.

E. S. Charlton is to be congratulated on his production. His preparation was very thorough, and the performances were full reward for his labours. R. C. H.

Connolly was a most efficient stage manager. Even the usual loquacious chorus were kept quiet whilst off stage, and on the stage everyone had supreme confidence in the stage manager's directions. The orchestra was adequate and at times very good indeed—if any are to be singled out it must be the trombones for their humorous interlude in the trio, "The criminal cried," in Act II. Mr. D. Cecil Williams, who for a term and a half had persuaded the chorus to sing what Sullivan had written, and not what he should have written, should be well pleased with his memories of the "Mikado" 1933.

At the Symphony Concert the two main works were Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" and Elgar's "Banner of St. George." The programme was filled up with three part-songs, a movement from a Brahms's symphony and Mendelssohn's St. Paul Overture. It was an ambitious programme, but the musical reputation of the College suffered nothing from the performance. And as the musical reputation of the College is so bound up with the name of D. Cecil Williams, surely it is appropriate for an appreciation of the work he has done for the Choral Society.

Responsible for the training of several choirs in the town, he yet finds ample time to train the Choral Society. Very seldom indeed is the Tuesday when there is no rehearsal. And he makes them so happy that New Hall men are known to sacrifice their tea in Hall so as to be there. Very few mistakes (and there are many) escape him, and it is not long before they are eradicated. He gives himself entirely to the good of the Society, now conducting, now giving the producer help from his experience. Little wonder that the symphony concert which he directed and conducted was a success.

The performance of the Dvorak was uniformly sound. If any section is to be picked out for praise it must be the brass. Never once did they falter, and never once did they seem too powerful for the Hall. In the first movement the wood wind was a little uncertain in its attack, but no other fault can be found. The orchestra was always seeing eye to eye with its conductor. The interpretation left little to be desired. The St. Paul Overture is not an inspiring piece of music. The fugue subject is not brilliant, and at times, especially early in the fugue, there was not complete unanimity between instruments playing in unison. The Brahms was a tribute to that composer's centenary. The performance was very good and left regrets that only one movement was produced.

The choral work was disappointing in parts. The three part songs, notably "O can ye sew cushions," were very pleasing and witness to the choral technique of the chorus. Elgar's "Banner of St. George" was not performed so well as at its last rehearsal. Miss Hughes, although excellent in Gilbert and Sullivan, scarcely has sufficient timbre to sing with a symphony orchestra; also she still needs to learn how to control her breathing. The tone of the basses was good, round and true, yet they appeared to be uncertain in their attack. Seven tenors, six of them converted baritone, were unable to hold their own against the phalanx of basses. The contraltos were good, but the sopranos, as usual, seemed afraid "to let themselves go." The epilogue was the most consistent piece of good staging, the phrase, "A meteor flash of Ascalon," the most brilliant. But taking the performance as a whole it seemed as though the chorus was a little stale.

A good record for a Student Choral Society. Let us hope this high standard will always be maintained.

TOC H. SOUTH STONEHAM GROUP.

Our group of Toc H has had a very successful year. We are now about the largest group in the district. The majority of our members are going down this term, and we hope they will carry out the service of Toc H wherever they are posted.

This term the Rev. W. Wilkinson, of the Missions to Seamen, Southampton, gave us a very interesting talk on the fine work carried out by the "Blue Angel." Professor Mills, who is home on leave from India, entertained us with a descriptive account of Toc H in Madras, and showed us some fine snaps of great interest to Toc H people.

Again, I must mention the great debt we owe to our Padre, Rev. R. C. Rham, who has given us guidance in all things during the whole session.

9th SOUTHAMPTON (U.C.S.) ROVER CREW.

OBITUARY. We have come back this term without one of our most valued friends, L. H. Walter, who was called to higher service at the end of last term. Wally joined us in 1929, and from the beginning was one of our keenest and staunchest Rovers. We miss him very much, but hope that he did get something out of his association here with us. We, for our part, have got much from his example.

This term has been the most active of all as far as Rovering is concerned. Early in May, a flannel dance was held jointly by the Rangers and Rovers, and, socially, was very successful. Our lunch hour meetings have been mostly taken up by preparations for the investiture of six men into the Movement, and for our annual week-end camp. The investiture was carried out by Captain Sanders, of Portsmouth, who is attached to Headquarters, and who afterwards gave a short talk to some of the resident men, in the garden of South Stoneham House.

Our camp was held over Whit week-end at Fritham, in the Forest. On Saturday, we hiked through the northern part of the Forest to Plaitford, where we were entertained to tea, covering some eighteen miles in about five hours' walking time. Sunday's heat cut short our projected plans, and all we managed was a spot of first aid to a lady in distress, and a ramble to Minstead and Stony Cross for tea. Whit Monday was a full stop for all except the more enterprising of us, who went to look for a Forest fire and got lost on the way home. We arrived back in Southampton at 9.30 on Monday night, to an unexpected and most gratifying supper provided by New Hall, to whom may we now offer our most humble and hearty thanks for all they did for us.

At the beginning of the summer vac., some of us hope to help with a camp for the unemployed, at Ledbury, in conjunction with the Cambridge University Rovers.

Lastly, may we mention our continued success in the Wood Badge courses? This year, Hardwick and Goldsbrough have successfully taken Part I, and hope to do Part II at Gilwell in the summer. Vine, whom we must also congratulate on his Wood Badge success, continues his good work with the Dockland Settlement Scouts.

We wish the best of luck to those going down this term, Rovers and all. Some will be on soft ground, some on stony, but we wish them all "Good camping."

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY AND CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

The most disturbing feature of this year was the large drop in student membership. The reasons for this are not clear, but probably the chief was the apathy towards current problems which is so prevalent in the general student body. In proof of this, one need only consider the membership of any of the societies studying

social affairs, one finds that to a great extent the membership lists are interchangeable.

A noteworthy feature, however, was a larger average attendance at meetings, which showed that, despite the reduced "arithmetical" membership, the number of effective members had increased. May this increase in attendance continue until every member counts as a very real factor in the Society's affairs. The payment of subscriptions is necessary, if we are to pay our way; but that is not enough, the Society needs a far greater active membership if it is to rank as high in the life of the College as its object deserves.

The speakers this year have more than maintained the high standard of last year. During the last two terms we have had as speakers from outside, Mr. Poole, of the B.U.L.N.S.; Mr. Robinson, the original representative of the L.N.U.; Mr. Wilson, the chief L.N.U. staff speaker; and Dr. Garnett, the L.N.U. secretary.

The staff provide us with the remainder of our speakers, and we have to thank Mr. Ford, Mr. Tyerman, Mr. Lucas, Miss Miller, Mr. Casson and Dr. Rutherford for having served us well in giving of their very best.

This term, so far, we have held two meetings. The first was when Miss J. E. Higson gave the Scott Foundation lecture on "The White Slave Traffic." We have to thank Miss Higson for a very good lecture, and have gratefully accepted her offer to come again next year. At the second meeting M. Ritz gave us one of the best talks we have had. Speaking on "Contemporary French Opinion," he was so interesting and the discussion so absorbing that the meeting, on breaking up, discovered with surprise that it was nearly three o'clock!

Will members going down please note that the Secretary has forms for their use in order that they may transfer their membership to the branch of the L.N.U. in whatever district they reside? It is hoped that all members who are now leaving us will take advantage of these facilities and that they will continue to take an active interest in the work the L.N.U. is doing to create a public opinion solid for peace.

All Carnegie library books must be returned by June 21st. They may be re-borrowed at a later date, to be announced, for the long vacation.

P. W. S. A.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Society has now completed the fifth year of its life and still maintains its flourishing position in College affairs. During the last session many interesting lectures have been given, and I think the one that stands out most prominently is "Graft Hybrids," by Professor F. E. Weiss. In conjunction with the Geographical Society, Mr. Anderson's lecture on his trip to Iceland also deserves special mention.

The fixture list for next session is now being compiled, and I can assure everyone that it will not be disappointing to those interested in biology. I should like to point out that our Society may be somewhat depleted in numbers next year due to the inevitable "cuts" in College, and I therefore make a special appeal to all those doing biology to continue to help and to encourage others to do so, so that the present small subscription may be maintained.

E. L. W.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

Owing to the pressure of other work, we have had to discontinue some of the weekly meetings this term. However, on May 15th, Shoran S. Singha, of the Indian Students' Union, gave a most enlightening and inspiring talk on "Some social and political problems of India."

A talk by the Rev. R. H. W. Roberts on "Faith and Modern Unbelief" was also most able and helpful.

We are hoping to send a good representative delegation to the Summer Conferences at Swanwick, Derbyshire, this year. These conferences always arouse much enthusiasm from those students who are able to attend.

It is hoped that a good interesting programme may be arranged for next session.

J. I. M. E.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

During the Easter vacation three of our members were able to attend the Annual Conference of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions, where they met representatives from all the British Universities, except one.

Among the 160 members were Miss Jean Strain and Mr. Kenneth Hooker, from whom we have had the pleasure of another visit this term. Mr. Hooker addressed a squash at New Hall, while at Highfield Hall Miss Strain spoke on "Can I have a satisfying knowledge of Jesus Christ?" On the following day there was a lunch hour meeting in Room 11, when Kenneth Hooker gave an interesting address in which the key word was "Accepted."

The Bible Studies have been continued this term under the leadership of Rev. Kennedy, of St. Mary's Church. To these meetings, which are held at 5.15 p.m. on Mondays, we would welcome all who are interested.

THE ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

This term the Society has held its usual meetings during Thursday lunch hours, when Miss Trout has given a series of illustrated talks.

The Summer Term always provides opportunities for expeditions to places of architectural interest, and we have already had two such outings.

On 6th May, through the kindness of some members of the Staff, a number of the Society were taken by car to Avebury. Mr. O. G. S. Crawford, the archeologist, conducted the party. We spent a most enjoyable time at Avebury examining remains something similar to Stonehenge, but so much more extensive that we even had to visit a farmyard to examine stray stones.

On 28th May we arranged our second expedition to Beaulieu. This year we again had the privilege of being shown over the Abbey by Sir Thomas Troubridge. Sir Thomas Troubridge added greatly to the pleasure of the afternoon when he told us various stories connected with the Abbey. We shall not forget the shadowy monk who has even been photographed while haunting one of the doorways.

Many members of the Society will be leaving College this term, but we shall be interested in the further doings of the Society, and we wish it a very prosperous future.

W. E. B.

POLITICAL CLUB.

This Society arose out of the suggestions of a small group of men at South Stoneham, and was founded as a College Club to discuss matters of interest in current politics. Since this beginning in November, 1932, its activities have become increasingly popular, and the enthusiasm shown has sufficiently demonstrated how fallacious it has been to suppose that politics in College must be synonymous with passion and horseplay. It only remains to establish some parallel organisation which will employ the same method of informal and intimate discussion in the serious consideration of

those social problems which are not directly political. Such discussions must afford an invaluable pendant to the good work being done by the formal Debating Society, to which, incidentally, the Political Club owes a great deal for the assistance and advice its officers have given. Above all, these informal discussions provide an opportunity for that free and unrestricted expression of opinion which is a necessity in College life.

The programme between November and June included a wide variety of topics : " The policy of the National Government at home and abroad," " India," " Ireland," " Britain, Manchuria and the Arms Embargo," " The Psychology of Politics " and " French Political Parties." At the outset some timorous souls feared that the Club was but a mask for revolutionary sentiment, but the catholicity of its activities soon dispelled their alarm, and they realised how effectively Mr. Harris provided a Roland for the militant Oliver of Mr. Andrews. In order to make quite clear the non-sectarian character of the Club, a series of talks was given on " The Left Wing in Politics," " The Right Wing in Politics " and " The Centre Party." These provided the initial meeting for each of the three terms.

The attendance throughout the session was unusually high, the average number present being about fifty. This number was trebled when a joint meeting with the Debating Club and S.C.M. debated the " Oxford " resolution " That we will in no circumstances fight for King and Country." It is noteworthy that U.C.S. followed the example of most other university institutions and carried the motion by a large majority, though its daring in doing so was kept secret from the world at large for expediency's sake.

Special thanks are due to Messrs. Goss, Seaton, Mawby, Saunders and Darling, and to Miss Capon, for their work as vice-chairmen, and to all those who were ready to speak at the meetings, especially Mr. Cameron, Mr. Crews, Monsieur Ritz and Miss Trout, not forgetting the less formal but more continuous contributions made by Messrs. Andrews and Harris.

The new vice-chairmen are to be Messrs. Stone and Andrews and Misses Capon and M. C. Gray. We trust they will carry on the tradition of enthusiasm and free discussion without fear and favour. The meeting which elected them expressed satisfaction with the first year's work of the Club, and we may confidently hope that the Club will remain a permanent and valuable influence in the life of the College.



With the new year there shall be a new Pan,
A new Goatfoot, I said, and straightway turned
To thinking means and methods, never dreaming
Of the one thing that mattered most of all,
The Old Pan, the Old Adam in my heart !

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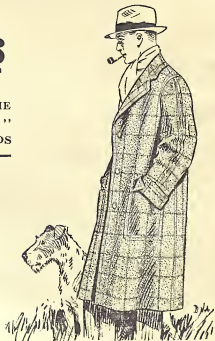
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